

## Entering the Pantheon

I've combed my hair  
and put on

deoderant.  
YOU'LL BE FINE.

And I've not ever cast a rock,EVER,  
believe me.

YOU HAVE BEEN GENTLE AND RIGHTEOUS  
AND YOUR SINS ARE FORGIVEN.

My stomach is flip-flopping. Can  
a God shit his pants do you suppose?

IT'S A COMPLICATED QUESTION.